



COMING AMERICANS

by Katharine R. Crowell

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Coming Americans

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“China for Juniors”
“Japan for Juniors”
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The Salute to the Flag

Coming Americans

CHAPTER I

THE BEGINNING OF IT



Italian

THE beginning of it? Well, I suppose for Francesca and Josef, Stephen and little Angelica, the beginning of it was that day when their father told them he was going to America. Such a sorrowful day! For these children loved their father dearly, and how could they be sure that if he went to America, they would ever see him again? How would you boys and girls feel if your father should say some day: "It is all settled, children; I have decided to go to the planet Mars?" For to these children America was as far off and mysterious as Mars seems to you; and, happily, to their fancy it also sparkled quite as brightly, so, though they all cried as their father kissed them good-bye, they dried their tears when they really heard what he was saying—"Some day I will send you a letter with money in it, and then your grandfather, your mother, and all of you children will come to live with me in the happy land—America."

All this happened more than a year ago, and to-day the letter came! A funny looking letter, too, with such queer names in the postmark, *Slatington, Pa., U. S. A.*; but their mother's sweet face is as bright as the sunshine, and in a moment all the children are excitedly laughing and talking, for there in the letter, as their father had

promised, is the money to take them to America! Fancy how *you* would chatter if your father had sent you tickets for the trip to Mars!

Such news flies fast, and very soon all the neighbors hear of the letter, and, themselves very wistful, wish the mother joy, and indeed all who are not too old or too poor quickly decide to set out with them for the new and happy land, and for "Slatington, Pa., U. S. A.," wherever that may be.

So there is much and eager talking of preparations to be made. What shall they take? and what shall they leave behind? It is a puzzling question, for, aside from their idea that America is a golden sort of country, where all who go live happy ever after, they really know very



Servian Gypsies

little about it, so as they talk, warm friends and good-natured as they all are, there threatens to be war in the camp, for our family are sure that America is all coal mines and railroads and steel mills, while others feel certain that it is all high buildings and railroads which run over the housetops. It all depends, you see, upon whether one's father is a miner in Pennsylvania, or a barber in New York City! But you may be wondering what it was that in the first place led the children's father to go to America.

Just shut your eyes for a moment, and—
listen. Cannot you hear a tramp, tramp, tramp, as of an army marching? *Do* you hear it? Open your eyes then and watch this endless procession as it goes by. There are thousands upon thousands of people—men, women, boys and girls, tiny tots, even babies too little to walk—or talk; but

the rest are talking, and in about fifty different languages. You do not need this, though, to tell you that they come from many countries. The queer dresses and head-coverings would prove it. Look! There is a Hungarian now—*our* family are Hungarians—wearing high boots and embroidered dolman; and his hair is braided! There is a Pole; his hair is *circu-lar-cut*, and he wears a short jacket. This one just going by is a Ser-vian, with—what is that sticking in his belt? A dagger, surely—he will have to give *that* up if he has any idea of reach-ing the land of the Free! There go some Turks; then Jews, from Cilicia; here are Russians, Syr-ians, Italians, Greeks—too many to name, and of all their queer belong-ings, the *shoes* are the queerest. Keep your



In Holland

eyes on the ground for a moment. Don't look up! Just watch the foot-coverings as they go by in throngs—made of wood, sometimes—very clumsy; or of heavy leather, clumsier still—top boots, Paris shoes, sandals, slippers with toes turned up—the feet in them have started from almost every country under the sun, but they are all bound for one land—the free and rich and happy land—America.

But why is it, do you suppose, that all these people are leaving their homes, expecting, many of them, never to go back to them? We in America do not leave our homes, never to come back.

No; but perhaps we should be glad to if America were like Russia, where many are persecuted, and where, for millions of people, there are no schools; or like Italy, where the heavy taxes required to support the army and navy, crush out the very life; or like Germany, too crowded to allow boys or girls much of a chance in life; or like all of them in demanding the best years of every man's life for service in the army. You see there is a

tremendous difference. America is free and happy; there are schools and a chance in life for every one, especially for every boy and girl—*of course*, we don't leave it.

But fathers and mothers in Europe, weary of their own hard lives, have heard glowing accounts of all these things, and so it comes about that this great procession is journeying across Europe to the Sea—to Bremen or Antwerp, Marseilles, Fiume, Naples—any port where they feel sure a ship may be found to take them to America.

The curious thing is how all these people came to hear the glowing stories; and perhaps it would be as well to stop calling them "people," and give them the name which belongs to them. From the time they leave their homes—in Russia, Italy, Germany, France, Scotland—it

makes no difference where their homes are—all the people in the procession we are watching, are *emigrants*. Something must happen though, on the voyage over, for as you will see, when they land on Ellis Island or at Boston or Charleston, quick as a flash the name changes; I leave it to *you* to say why.

But we were wondering how these emigrants got their knowledge of America, for many of them do not know how to read. It was different when the most of them came from Northern Europe, from Norway or Sweden, from Denmark, Germany or Great Britain. In those days, if you had been watching the procession and had called out, "*Can you read?*" if Swedes or Scotchmen were going by ninety-nine, carrying their heads high, would shout back, YES! and only the hundredth man need hang his head and say "*No.*"

Now, it is different. The greatest number come from the South of Europe, and if you should ask your question of Italians from Southern Italy, more than fifty out of every hundred must say "*No.*"



No Chance in Life

(Of course there is a reason for this difference between Northwestern and Southeastern Europe. Your bright wits will easily guess what it is.)

So it is plain that knowledge of America does not always come from books or newspapers. No, it was the men who first ventured over the sea who sent back the glowing stories and those who have come later keep them up. They send back also letters containing money, and lo! fathers and mothers, children, sisters and brothers, uncles and aunts and cousins, whole families, with neighbors and friends, pack up their worldly goods and follow to the happy land—and so it was that our children's father caught the fever and went off to America to seek his fortune in the mines of Pennsylvania.

But nowadays the relatives need not trouble to tell the stories. The Steamship Companies take care of all that. For you see, they are on the lookout for "cargo"

for their ships, and emigrants are the best paying cargo they can have.

So there is scarcely a spot in all Europe where agents of these companies are not found. It is as though they had spread out a net with a fine mesh—so very fine that even the smallest babies cannot wriggle through—all are dragged into the ships! To persuade these people to emigrate, the agents make golden promises of riches and prosperity.



Why They Leave Italy

But, you see, the object of the company is to get the passage money, not to keep its promises, and many times those who have been brought to America on these false hopes must wish themselves back in their old homes, wretched as in some cases they may have been.

But our travelers must, by this time, have settled their disputes, and decided what to take with them. Ah, yes; and they have certainly settled the matter on the

safe side. They will leave nothing behind! for who knows what they may need in the new, strange country! Beds, of course, and even food, perhaps, and things to cook it in. So after much exertion and squeezing and jamming, two immense mattresses, and all their connection of blankets and pillows and heavy quilts; forms of cheese, fruit, clothes, cans of olive oil—in short, all their possessions are packed in huge boxes and big bundles; geraniums

are potted, and bird-cages are covered up, for geraniums and canaries are necessities of life to Hungarians! And strange to say, when all are ready to leave the little home at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, it suddenly becomes very dear and beautiful. How *can* they leave it for that dim and far-off country, which, to be sure, always floats before their eyes in a rosy-golden haze; but after all, rosy-golden hazes are not very substantial, and



In Holland

here are their beautiful solid mountains that have never failed them. How lovely they are now in the sunset light, and how sweet the air, and how still, except for the sleepy good-night twitterings of the birds, and the far-away church bells softly ringing for vespers. It is a fair land they are leaving. Will they come to one as fair, I wonder?

This going away is pretty hard on the old grandfather, but the sun itself seems to shine in the mother's eyes, though there must be a rainbow somewhere, for it shines through tears. As for the gleeful little children—well, they are happy still, for are they not going to see their father in the happy land? But a little shadow rests upon their gaiety and the gleefulness is checked by the numerous stories they are hearing of the dangers of the journey overland to the big ship, and the terrors of the sail on the deep, *deep* sea.

The shadow passes though—of course it must, with such a sunshiny mother about—and the journey is bravely and brightly begun. They must go all the way to Naples, where they will embark for America on the “big ship.” Well, at last they reach Naples and find themselves part of an enormous crowd at the steamship office, for while they, with others, have been traveling from Hungary, hundreds—many hundreds—have been journeying to this steamer from all parts of Southern Europe, and from Asia, too. You will see Turks and Syrians presently.



In Italy

This waiting in the crowd at Naples is not a happy time at all. Our brave little girlie, whose courage has never failed her yet, comes pretty near giving out now. What wonder? For hours and hours they must stand, without shelter from the sun—broiling-hot and blinding-white. This is all the harder to bear, because they have had no breakfast and very little sleep.

But certificates, tickets and baggage (*oh, that baggage!*) have at last been attended to, and the time comes when they are allowed to go on board the big ship. It is a good deal of a struggle to get up the *very* steep incline of the gang-plank, and there are hundreds and hundreds of men and women, and so many children—every one weighed down with baggage, the sturdy children carrying their full share. Do you notice how many have small, rush-bottomed chairs? Why do they have them, do you suppose? Certainly not because it is easy to get them up the gang-plank. Look at those tiny tots carrying big fiber baskets of fruit! Among them is little Angelica.



From Twelve Countries

So now they are off for America, and I think we will

not say very much about the voyage. It is so wretched, and there are so many, many miseries. Such terrible crowds in such small space, and almost no air to breathe—or worse than none. And the poor little babies! Nine out of every ten, I am sure, began to cry as they were carried up the gang-plank at Naples, and they seem likely to keep it up all the way over! There are no seats in the steerage, except for the lucky ones who brought the little chairs. And there are two dreadful storms, when our poor, sick little children, frightened nearly to death, wish they *could* die; and all the time, from the first minute on board they are cruelly treated by the ship's people, pushed and jerked about, struck with heavy blows. Poor people, who cannot understand a word that is said to them! and this cruelty lasts until they put their feet on Ellis Island; *there*, Uncle Sam takes hold, and the law of kindness rules.

But they are not at Ellis Island yet, and just as they think the long wretchedness of the voyage is about to end, a thick, white blanket of fog wraps the steamer round and round, until not one foot can she move. No, not for two whole livelong days, and all the while toll the dismal, *dismal* fog-bells, and the whistles shriek, and screech, and the bewildering white blanket wraps closer and closer.

Golden, rosy, happy America? *Poor little children!*



On the Way

CHAPTER II

UNCLE SAM TAKES HOLD



Slavonic

UT that was not really America! It is only a German steamer, caught in a fog! And, after a while, the fog folds itself up and is seen no more, and *there* is the real America—green hills and sparkling blue water; sparkling air, too, and a brisk and salty breeze that makes life fairly tingle in the children's veins; the beautiful harbor, where we count four big "liners" from France, Italy, Germany, England, all of them crowded with—emigrants? No, indeed, for something *has* happened, and they are *immigrants* now, and I wish you would tell me why! And see the great ships, their sails dazzling white in the sunshine, soft grays in the shadow; but most of all are the children delighted with the quick little steam tugs darting everywhere. But lift your eyes higher! No, not to the right, though you may see there the Brooklyn Bridge and the lines of high buildings, which drive our incoming guests almost wild with excitement, for no matter what language they speak, "skyscraper" means—New York and friends to meet them. But look! Someone motions to the left, and how quickly they turn about; and in all these people, hearts beat wildly, and eyes are upturned, for there before them stands Liberty's Statue, her torch blazing now in the sunshine; and just beyond lies the gateway to the promised land. They know it, for over it, against the blue sky, streams out, brighter than the torch, the red, white and blue of the Flag.

America, at last! And there on the dock waiting for them is "Uncle Sam," in the person of the Inspector. Now follows a busy time for him, and a fearfully anxious one for the immigrant. Suppose he should be turned back! and he will be if his "ship's ticket" (you must have noticed that each child holds one tight in his hand) is not just as it should be.

In the steerage of the steamer, during the waiting time in the fog, there were great struggles with baggage, for one's best clothes *must* be found to glorify the entering into the promised land. And it is a gorgeous color-picture we see as the people stream up the gang-plank by—hundreds? No, by thousands, for *this* is the historic day when twelve thousand were landed. How *can* they



Ellis Island

manage those enormous bundles, or those huge valises, only prevented from bursting by the grass ropes tied around? Ah! these handsome boys coming up now are more sensible; *their* belongings are in gaily-figured hour-glass-like bags, thrown over their shoulders. More bright colors, even sometimes scarlet dresses and pink

scarfs—and not far away embroidered jackets of most vivid green. Here comes—a flower-bed? Well, at least there are geraniums enough to make one, and of course the bird-cages follow—and *here*, at last, are our Hungarians, and the very first to step into the golden-rosey country is little Angelica. Still carrying the fiber-basket! *Empty?* No! as full and heavy as ever, for that fruit, I would remind you, has been brought all the way from the little garden in the Carpathian hills for her father's enjoyment; let us hope it was not very ripe when it was picked!

Over these little citizens-to-be waves the Stars and Stripes, and as they enter Uncle Sam's big house, the first thing to which they lift their eyes is the flag. The many-colored procession streams on and up the stairs. On the landing they are stopped by the doctors, who examine eyes and head and hands. Watch them a moment. See! the first doctor in the line has chalked an F on the lapel of that man's coat, and that one has a T. I am afraid he may write B. H. on Stephen, because of his bandaged head! No; he only says, with a pleasant smile and a kind little pat, "Better have the tooth out, little chap!"

The little chap understands the tone and the pat and the smile—but not the words—and smiles back.

You notice that all the *lettered* persons are taken away for more particular examination. Our people are not lettered and are passed on to wait for their turn at the Registry Desks. There are comfortable seats for all who must wait, and opposite each seat a place for baggage. It is good to see the women and children put down their heavy loads and sink back on the benches. Watch this man. If his papers are all right and if he has enough money, and if he knows where he is going and how to go, passing the Registry Desk is only a matter of a moment or two—but these things, especially the papers, are not always all right, and as we watch we see many are marked with some letter, most of them signifying detention for some reason; but the worst that can possibly happen is to be marked "S. I.," for this means a possible turning back by the Board of Special Inquiry.

And all at once, we see that *our* children's grandfather has been marked S. I. Why, I wonder? It must be because he is too old to work for his own support, for Uncle Sam says that all who cannot support themselves must be sent back in the ship they came in. When the meaning of S. I. is explained to the old man, all the light goes out of his face and even his bright-faced daughter looks startled—but wait! her husband is coming to meet them—he said so in his letter—and all will be right then.



Just Arrived

After all, a good many of these people must know how to read. See them gazing at that notice, printed in seven languages and posted everywhere. The top line says, MEALS FREE,* and doubtless those queer

* Paid for by steamship companies. 13

jumbles of funny-looking marks say so, too, in Polish or Arabic or Yiddish, or other tongues. And doubtless Poles and Syrians, Russians and Hungarians are alike rejoicing, for they must, by this time, be frightfully hungry.

If we hurry we can perhaps reach the dining-room before the hungry crowds get there—such a big, clean, sunshiny and airy room, and sweet, salt (yes, *both*) air, at that. Long tables, also clean and shining; and the white-coated waiters are ready to serve a very nice-looking, hot and hearty meal. After the steerage—*what luxury!*

But here at the wide doors are gathering hundreds of more or less starved people, waiting to come in. Suppose *we* go out!

We pass the baggage-room—luggage seems a better word—mountains of it, which will soon disappear; but there will be mountains more to-morrow—and to-morrow—and to-morrow—endlessly, for the rush of it never stops, the year through.

And here are the detention and waiting rooms, and it is here especially that we are glad to remember that there are Missionaries



The Journey's End

on Ellis Island. Uncle Sam is kindness itself, but when it comes to sorrow and disappointment and *homesickness*, it is only the Missionary who has the cure, and I wish you could see how the missionaries of Ellis Island have learned to comfort the stranger in a strange land, even when they cannot speak his language, or *her* language, as it is more likely to be.

Shall we look in the "Missionaries' Room?" It is empty now, though; that is, empty of people, for they are all busy. Among the thousands landed to-day there

are enough sorrowful and needy ones to keep the missionaries very busy. We count twelve desks—that must mean at least twelve missionaries. We also see big presses full of clothes—especially children's clothes—and one great closet full of dolls and toys and *boxes of candy*. And there in a large cabinet are cheery messages, printed in at least twenty-six different languages. The Bible is here, too, in almost as many tongues, and no one who can read in any of them leaves Ellis Island without at least a Gospel.

We shall soon know how that disappointed old man is getting along, for, as a great and unusual privilege,



Uncle Sam's Big House

the Commissioner has signed a pass which admits us to the Board of Special Inquiry. A good many "S. I.'s" are here sitting in rows before the Examiner; and here sure enough are *our* people. The older ones look pale and anxious, and even the little people are pretty sober. The father has not come yet.

Their turn to be called before the Examiner will come presently. But just listen to the Examiner. I told you—did I not?—that he can talk in twenty languages. There are Spanish people in front of him, and his words are soft and musical, but as these men, with such queer hats—

looking like a piece of stove-pipe covered with sheep-skin—come up, they seem to change to a buzz-saw; others come, he simply grunts—a succession of grunts, and the men in front of him grunt back. Next he hoarsely gurgles way down in his throat; but happily, whatever the language, his words and looks are kind, and he tells us, in sensible-sounding English, that long ago he resolved never to speak a cross or hasty word to these poor people, so frightened are they and miserable in the fear of being sent back, and sometimes, you know, he does have to send them back, or, as they say at Ellis Island, “deport” them.



Meals Free

We are sitting so that we can watch the people waiting on the benches, or coming up to be examined. Right back of us is a door. On the other side of it is a room where relatives are waiting for their families. First, those in the Board Room are questioned; then the relatives are called in and questioned. If the answers agree, then all is right and the family may go happily off together—but they must not speak to one another, or show any signs of gladness, until the door of the Board Room is closed behind them.

Well, the old grandfather is at last called up. Poor old man! you cannot think how dull he looks; that S. I. seems to have crushed all life and hope out of him. But he manages to say that his son has promised to support him, and to come to take him to his new home. He cannot tell why it is he does not come. And so he goes back to the bench, and there the family sit in a row. Tired? More than tired. These have been such hard days. And *why* does their father not come? Little Angelica, utterly weary, leans against her brother; the little fellow braces up at this and places his arm protectingly around her. He says something to her—I wish I knew what—and she

smiles up at him. The mother quietly holds her baby-girl; but two little red spots burn hotter and hotter in her cheeks. They are facing the western window, and suddenly—is it that the sun has flashed out from a cloud, and shines in their faces? No; not that—the door behind us has opened, and the father comes into the room. Watch radiant little Angelica! Not tired now!—none of them are tired now; but they must not yet make any sign, and the little woman holds herself together bravely.

But listen! the Examiner asks, "Whom do you come to meet?" (He speaks in Hungarian, but repeats in English so the clerks may write it down), and the man says, "My wife, my children, my father." "Are you able to support them?" "Yes; I am all ready for them. I have a house, with five rooms." "Do you promise to care for your father, too?" "Yes," says the man; but just here there is a quick little stir, and a soft rush through the room and little Angelica, not able to wait another second, is in her father's arms, her arms tight around his neck. He kisses her over and over again; he is crying, too. Why

should he cry, when he is so glad? But behind Angelica are all the children, the mother with the baby, and the trembling grandfather. And the father kisses them all right in front of the Examiner's desk. It is against all rules, but I think the Examiner cannot see clearly for a moment, and when he



Detained

does, he says a few gentle words, and they go quietly out of the room, Angelica holding tight to her father's hand.

So good-bye, little people; and may America never, never be anything but golden-rosy to you!

Our kind missionary friend, to whom we owe this visit to Ellis Island, tells us we must see the Railroad Waiting Room, for there will be "lots" of children. So we go with

her down the long halls to the waiting room. Lots of children? Indeed, *yes*. I wonder if you give a guess how often you will hit the countries they come from? There are the little Hollanders whom you have already seen. A sorrowful little brother and sister, for their mother died on the way over. How sturdily and tenderly the boy protects the little sister, whom even her doll cannot comfort. Presently they will be sent to the West where their father is waiting for them. Surely, those big-eyed boys are Russians, and there is a splendidly handsome little fellow, *Murillo*, his name should be. These fair, but pink-cheeked little girls are Swedes. This group are Spanish gypsies, and these are Syrians, I am sure. And over there—why surely, over there are *our* Hungarians once more, still sitting in a row and still is Angelica's arm around her father's neck.

Their railroad tickets are stuck in their hats, and what do we read thereon? Why, "Slatington, Pa.," of course, as the postmark on the letter said.

Our missionary has suddenly left us, but I think she whispered "dolls" as she flashed away. (The missionaries here come and go in a "flash," I notice. I suppose it is because the immigrants are usually only one day on Ellis Island,



The Way They Come (one family)

so what can be done for them must be done quickly, for "they may not pass this way again.") She flashes back with her arms full. She gives a toy to each of the boys, a doll to Francesca, a rag doll to the baby, and a *beautiful* doll to Angelica; and that darling little

Angelica clasps her treasure for one moment, lays her tenderly down, then flies to our missionary, and looking up at her with adoring eyes, takes her hand and kisses it, and simply because we are with the missionary she kisses our hands, too; and the grateful, loving pressure of one little immigrant's lips makes all little immigrants dear.

But all those other children. Did they not have anything? You remember those boxes—five-pound boxes of candy? The missionary brings one with her, and all the little boys and girls in that big room are soon happily and stickily *munching* in many languages, though there would seem to be little difference in tongues. And is it not a curious thing that to sight and taste candy is simply and instantly *candy*, in English, as it were.

And there's another curious thing—blue eyes, black eyes, brown eyes, Russian, Italian, Greek, Swedish — twinkle and smile and say, "Thank you," and the missionary's eyes smile back, "You're welcome," and they understand one another perfectly without speaking a word.

There's a fine hospital at Ellis Island, for many times sick people are landed from the steamers. Here is the children's ward, bright and full of sunshine, and happily the little white beds are nearly all empty to-day.

On our way to the boat why is "*Department of Commerce and Labor*" on so many places? Why? Because Uncle Sam has put all matters concerning immigration in the charge of this department, and this boat is a Government boat, belonging to the department. And it is while on our way to it that we see one of the saddest sights of Ellis Island—the "S. I." people who have been turned back.

It must be that they have some dreadfully "catching" disease; or possibly they are convicts. This scowling man may be an "Anarchist," who does not believe in any kind of government, and thinks all rulers should be killed! We certainly do not want *him* in this country, for he would *never* make an American! It is for the sick people, and the families in which there are sick people that we are most sorry, and they look in need of all the sympathy we can give.



The Home of the Little Hollanders

So we leave Ellis Island; but let us stay on the boat to watch the crowd of immigrants go off. Look up there by the Barge Office. Do you



The Medical Examination

see a wide gateway? Uncle Sam's watchfulness ends there; but just outside there are lines of people waiting to receive friends and relatives, and with those who have no friends to meet them we are quite sure to find missionaries who will see them safely through the difficulties that bristle all about their way.

The day we hit upon for our visit has been

just an ordinary one, except in the great numbers landed. There are extraordinary days—one in each year.

On this day there are several steamers coming in; it is

late in the afternoon of one of the shortest days of the year; very cold and dark. At the dock are many immigrants—many, many children, and they are sorrowful and homesick little children, for is not this Christmas eve? And at home there would have been the Christmas tree—a tiny one, perhaps, but still a Christmas tree—with candles brightly shining, and great delight and festivity. All day long they had heard nothing but bewailings and regrettings from the older people, until now their sad little hearts feel very sore. No Christmas Eve, and no beautiful Christ-child in the strange new land, so they say over and over again. It is *very* dreary and cold and dark.



Through Crying

So they have landed and now they pass under the flag into Uncle Sam's big, warm house. They lift their heavy eyes—and behold! What a perfect radiance of light and sparkle and beauty! *Christmas trees?* I should say so. A forest of them, glittering with gold and silver, brightly twinkling with thousands of tiny lights, and weighed down with gifts, and from far above them floats down the music of “the song the angels sang.” The children know the music well, although the words are strange. Sad eyes now? No! Heavy hearts? No! Look, now, at the happy children! And this fairyland of beauty is not all. Each one has a box of candy and an



The Statue of Liberty

orange, and every one, young and old, has a gift from those wonderful trees! Watch the children as they open the little purses and find shining inside a new beautiful—is it a *gold* penny? There are little marks around the edge which in a surprisingly short time these bright little children will understand to say “The United States of America.” May they be “luck pennies” indeed and bring the very best kind of luck with them!

You wonder how all this radiance and happiness could have been brought about? I wonder, too, but

it is those wonderful missionaries who have done it, though I fancy Uncle Sam helped! It took days and nights of hard work—work and the spirit of the Christ-child in their hearts. And surely they hear from His lips to-night, "I was a stranger, and ye took Me in. For inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Next year you may know something about it yourselves, for it is *quite* within the power of you boys and girls to help.

Did I mention it? The *colors* of those myriad electric bulbs were—red, white, and blue!



Ellis Island

CHAPTER III

GATES AND NO GATES



Italian

OR Ellis Island is not the only gateway to America, though through it there came, last year, nearly 800,000 immigrants. There are at least thirty-four others, where strange people are coming from all parts of the world, in all a million and more, many of them, but not all, to find homes in this land of ours. For a long, long time people have been coming to it to find homes—almost since the day Columbus showed the way to it! So many things hap-

pened at once, just about that time—a few years before, perhaps, or a few years after.

Suppose we make the centre of them all *a date*. Now, *don't* groan, for this date is only our old familiar friend, 1492, whom we seem to meet at every corner. This date and all the other things that led to the coming of the first emigrant ship, make me think of that old woman who bought a pig with a crooked sixpence, and then was afraid she could not get home that night. You remember what a time she had when neither dog nor stick nor fire would help, until all at once

“The cat began to kill the rat,
The rat began to gnaw the rope,
The rope began to hang the butcher,
The butcher began to kill the ox,
The ox began to drink the water,
The water began to quench the fire,
The fire began to burn the stick,
The stick began to beat the dog,
The dog began to bite the pig,
The little pig, in a fright, jumped over the stile,
And so the old woman got home that night.”

You see it was only necessary to get the cat and the rat, and the rest in the proper order and they started themselves.

Just so as to the beginning of Emigration to America. Here are the happenings that rather suggest the old woman and her pig, though that was fun, and this is earnest.

First, we see the people of Europe; dull, dull, *dull*, not knowing how to read, and with scarcely an idea in their heads. A man called Peter the Hermit succeeded in putting an Idea into their heads, or rather their hearts, and



From Russia

Second, we see them—armies of them—starting eastward, to carry out this Idea.

Third. See this beautiful city, with glistening domes and shining minarets. *Shut up*

in the city are nearly all the books that Europe, at this time, possesses.

Fourth. We see armies, with strange new artillery, coming to besiege the city, and the Bosphorus glows with crimson light, reflected from the streams of fire that pour over the walls upon the enemy. It seems a magic fire—water will not quench it—but the heavy balls of the new artillery triumph, and the walls of the city fall.

(You may not think it, but the magic fire—as well as the balls—has a connection with our Fourth of July.)

Fifth. While the city is falling, let us look into a *very* quiet and still Scriptorium (*guess at the meaning of this name, if you do not already know it*); quiet and still, with a half-dozen young men at work; but it stands for Harper's, Scribner's, Macmillan and all the rest, for the Scriptorium was the Publishing House of the Middle Ages. And the young men who are copying manuscript stand for the mighty printing presses of to-day, for they *make* all the books there are. As we watch them working in "initials," we see that they at least know the secret of

exquisite "three-color" work! They are writing on paper made from sheepskin. *Why?* Because there is nothing else to write on! Unless possibly a little paper, made of papyrus and straw; *but*, as they carefully copy, word by word, and as I said, while the walls of the city are falling.

Sixth. Not very far away, we see two men, mysteriously hidden in the forest, making metal type, and *printing from them*, and

Seventh. Look! here is a man triumphantly showing some *paper* which, after many trials, he has succeeded in making from linen rags.

Eighth. Now comes in 1492, and the discovery of America; and to crown all these things,

Ninth, we see flashing lightning, and hear thunder heavily crashing among the Hartz Mountains in Germany. After the storm, a student finds in the library of a German University an old book, which he has never before seen. Later, we see the same student—but now he wears a monk's cowl—toiling up a marble stairway, in the city of Rome, on his knees. When part way up, he stops suddenly.

There! I have told you all the story. All *you* need do is to put the different parts in their proper order, look off toward the East, and—did I not tell you?—there, just rising above the horizon, is the *May-flower*.* Presently

you will see the first immigrants landing on Plymouth Rock!

And so began the coming of immigrant ships to America; and you can make a tolerably good guess as to the kind of Americans their passengers will make if you know the reasons for their coming. "They have always been



Courtesy of Benj. F. Buck.

Italian-Swiss Colony, Asti, Cal.

*We can hardly regard the vessels of the "Jamestown Experiments" as "Immigrant" ships.

coming"—yes; but lately they have been coming in enormous numbers, and they land at many different points, which is the reason for our thirty-four (or more) Immigrant Stations or "Gates," if we choose to call them so.

I am sure you could easily name the first and most important.

Boston, of course, is one, and at least sixty-five thousand entered by it last year. Baltimore's gate has almost as many to go through it as Boston's. After Baltimore, come New Bedford Mass.; Bangor, Maine; Key West, Florida, and several others on the Atlantic Coast.

But, you see, we have now a front door and a back door—the difficulty is to settle which is front and which



Free Kindergarten

is back, for in New York, San Francisco is thought to be at the rear of the house, while in San Francisco people say, "Back in New York."

Well, at front door or back, there are immigrants clamorously knocking, but, as at Ellis Island, not all are allowed to come in.

The western gates at San Francisco, Seattle and Portland are not so interesting to us as the eastern gates, for in the stream of new-comers, it is the children we are watching for, and not very many children cross the Pacific; but children almost beyond numbering sail over the

Atlantic and come in at all the eastern gates. But, in addition to the front and back doors, there are all the side entrances! Four thousand miles on the Canadian border, and about three thousand on the Mexican frontier, and

Porto Rico and Hawaii, besides!

It is not an easy matter to guard all the possible entering places; and it is necessary to guard them well, for you would hardly believe there would be so many people trying to smuggle themselves or others into the United States. This Canadian side has been the easiest



An Italian Tenement, New York City

way to get in. It is not so easy now, since Immigrant Stations have been established at Halifax, Quebec, and Montreal.

We can easily see how these Stations help, but how *do* the Inspectors manage to guard the long frontier? These are some of the ways: Every day they examine incoming trains, looking for foreigners who are being smuggled in. Fancy



Courtesy of Benj. F. Buck

Market Day at Independence, La.

what this means, for the Immigration Office has accounts with forty-five companies doing a passenger-transportation business across the boundary, between the Atlantic and

Pacific Oceans, and from them all—trains, trolleys, ferry and lake boats—more than 6,000,000 passengers entered the United States last year; among them were nearly fifty thousand immigrants.

Niagara Falls is a favorite place for the smugglers, who hope that among the thousands of passengers they may escape inspection. But so alert are the officers that this seldom happens—even at Niagara Falls.

The Inspectors watch the ferries and fleets of steamers on the Great Lakes. All the year through, in the hardest weather, they have boarded every train, met every ferry and every steamer coming by lake, river, or sound, and in one year have prevented from entering the United States



Immigrants at Honolulu

more than five thousand immigrants, many of them having terribly contagious diseases, and many being escaped convicts. Just now they are especially careful, for in Denmark, a very large number of convicts have lately been released from jail, and without doubt, many of them have it in mind to try to get into the United States.

Notwithstanding all the care and watching, occasionally smugglers do get in. Not long ago a party of twenty immigrants, nineteen of them having trachoma, a hopeless and terrible eye disease (do you remember the T on coat lapels at Ellis Island? It meant *trachoma*), tried to get over the border. The railroads refused to carry them.



Evening School, New York City—Twenty-seven Nationalities

But some men agreed to furnish them wagons, and deliberately drove them over the border into North Dakota! He was arrested though, as were twenty other smugglers. Finding the Canadian side so well guarded, these smugglers are now trying the Mexican border. So it has become necessary to establish Stations all the way along from Florida to California. New Orleans and El Paso are very important stations.

At El Paso all passenger trains are examined, and smugglers, knowing this, bring in their immigrants in sealed freight-cars, which by the co-operation of the railroad men are shifted in such a way that the inspectors cannot examine them. They leave no ways untried, these smugglers, and it is safe to say that Americans are very seldom "made" out of the foreigners who try to enter where there are *no* gates!



The Crowded East Side

CHAPTER IV

NEW YORK ARITHMETIC



Spanish

VERY forty seconds an immigrant enters New York." *Every forty seconds!* That must amount to a considerable number in a year, don't you think? Will you work it out, while I try to find how many of those who come in a year are children? We do not care so much for the grown-ups, you know. It is the children who are going to make *real* Americans. You remember, don't you, what crowds of children there were at Ellis Island that day—but what did you say? *Seven hundred eighty-eight thousand,*

four hundred! Is it possible that just one in every forty seconds comes to *that*? It's tremendous, isn't it? Not all of them stay in New York, but there are thousands and thousands who do, and I have found out now that last year there were nearly fifty thousand more children to be placed in the public schools than the year before. We shall take a look presently at the schools after we learn why so many immigrants stay in New York.

We were speaking of that day at Ellis Island and of the crowds of children. So many dark, sparkling eyes and so many dark but not so sparkling. The first are Italians from the south of Italy; the sad eyes come from Russia.

Many of them will stay in New York, and, as they make their way up West Street by the North River, (which notwithstanding their names run in the same direction), closely following their guide, shall we follow them? First to the Italian quarter,

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and afterward we will go over to the East Side to the Jewish quarter, or Ghetto. We soon reach "Little Italy," there are many such in New York. What crowds of children

in the streets, and, for that matter, what streets! and what houses! But they are not as bad as they were before good people began to try to make them better. The worst of the tenements now are better than the best of them used to be, and the crowds of children are not so great, either, for many of those who—live?—well, eat and sleep in the tenements, are now in the late afternoon having good times and becoming healthy Americans in park and playground and on recreation pier.

The street is still quite full enough of people and hand-carts, fruit stands, street pianos, to the music of which many a little girl is dancing, though the sound is nearly drowned out by the peddlers shouting their wares—vegetables and fish with



Italian Quarter

very queer names. Signs and posters here are all in Italian. Newsboys dart here and there, wherever there is a chance to sell a "Bolletino" or "Progresso" or "Araldo." They are certainly a sign that, Italian as everything seems to *us*, these foreigners are becoming Americans, for the news-

paper is one of the things that help in the making.

Little Italy, as I said, seems very Italian to us, but the people who have landed to-day seem not to feel at home, but quite bewildered. It is not Italy at all to them, but a place where everything is strange. Even the old friends and neighbors who come to greet them are so changed and so "Americanized" that they hardly seem the people whom they used to know.

It is astonishing how soon the children become Americans! Look at the boys playing—Italian games? No! Marbles; it would be baseball if there were no policeman about, and will be when he departs. The little girls are playing "London Bridge is falling down," and "All around the mulberry bush." They skip rope—the rope and even the skipping may be

Italian but the words they are calling are "Pepper, salt, mustard, vinegar." Games need sharp seasoning in Little Italy! You will hardly believe the numbers of Italians there are in New York—nearly half a million. What makes them come? Well, it is partly because so many have come that more are continually coming, for Italians like to keep together; but there are other reasons. You remember when we saw them counting out their money at Ellis Island there was not very much of it. So they must get work and wages



In Need of Help

at once. They can generally get it through some friend or by paying commission to an agent in the quarter. The first Italians who came over did not "work," they went about with hand-organs and monkeys, the latter delighting some children and frightening others, but fascinating all, collected pennies at such a rate that the organ-grinder could very soon send home for his family! But hand-organs went out and the push-cart came in, and the push-cart remains, but Greeks—for there is also a Greek quarter in New York—have about ousted the Italians from the business. The

Italian now is "the man with a shovel" or spade. And *now* we do not wonder that he stays in New York, for to be *dug* seems to be New York's principal object in life—dug up for electrics and pipes and things; dug down for the foundations of skyscrapers; dug under for subways, and dug through for tunnels—a Paradise, truly—for the man who *wants* to dig! And that man just now is the Italian. His children, when they are men, will not want to do it; they will be Americans then! Who then, will? We need not worry, for New York by that time will surely be worse than the catacombs of Rome, and



Italian Sweat Shop, New York City

cannot be dug any more, lest everybody fall in—though then, to be sure, they would still need to be dug out.

Anyway, the Italian is likely to have a chance to use his spade as long as he wants to, and meanwhile unless some one comes to the rescue, the streets of New York will be making thousands and thousands of a very poor kind of American out of his children. You can imagine the kind of American *you* would make if things were so with you.

And as it is in New York, so it is in other large cities. The Jewish "quarter" on the East Side seems more like a *third*. There are many queer sights in it. And after all we have seen in our walk up from the Battery the strangest sight of all is one we do *not* see, as an Irish-American might say, for in New York there are Irish quarters too—many of them. Look carefully as we make our way along through several blocks—and, if Little Italy was crowded, what do you think of this? Notice especially the street corners. Now—what *don't* you see?

Not a single, solitary saloon. Even so, and we shall have to look sharply and perhaps travel far in the Jewish Ghetto to find one. One good mark for the Russian Jew! There are Coffee Saloons (where the patrons drink *tea*—à la Russe), and very numerous "Coffee and Cake Parlors," which are really restaurants and workingmen's clubs, combined.

What particularly interests us in this matter is the proof that Jewish children—who are none too happy—are spared the wretchedness of fathers who spend their money in saloons, and at last come home in such a state that wild beasts could not be more terrifying or dangerous.

But these boys and girls of the Ghetto—even the little children—it is hard to think of them. Did they, too, have dreams of a bright and happy America, I wonder? They do not find it, *poor little things*—in the sweat-shops or factories, where many of them, four years old, five, six, seven—work, work, *work*, the long day through. When darkness comes, too tired to eat, they fall heavily asleep, to be awakened—so soon!—by shrill whistles, which send them forth again to work. No sunshine, no play, no *childhood*, for these little ones, in our free, happy and Christian America. Not only in New York is it so. The mines of Pennsylvania, the cotton mills of the South, the stock yards of Chicago—in all there are suffering little children of immigrants.



In the Woods

I saw, one day, some of these little children, a hundred, perhaps, gathered from the East Side of New York, to have a "Happy Day" in the country. Part of their happiness—as we thought—was to consist in having plenty to eat that day. We knew before, but anyway should have learned it from the thin, thin little bodies under frock or jacket that they seldom had enough to eat.

But they should have to-day! and of the very nicest things. For once, at least, they should not be hungry. And when boat and train and trolley had brought them to the beautiful woods on the mountain side, we thought they would be nearly famished for something to eat. Famished they must have been, but not hungry; for when food was brought them, they looked at it dully, lifted up heavy eyes, and with sad little shakes of the head, said "No; tanks," and turned listlessly away. Overworked, they were. Such *little* children.

We could scarcely bear it. What, then, must such a sight have been to Him who took the little children



Starting for the Woods

in His arms and blessed them—as though he said, "Be happy and gay, little children, for happiness *belongs* to you."

But that was in the morning. And all through the lovely summer day Christ's own blessing seemed to be in the blue of the sky and the soft

white clouds; to rest over the daisy fields and in the gurgling water of the little brook, to come wafted on the breezes, bringing sweetness of clover and fresh-cut grass, and to sing in the joyous trilling of the birds, and lo! in the afternoon there came happy, rested, *hungry* little children to enjoy the meal that was ready for them.

And after the meal? Why you know we are making Americans, and this was the *third* of July, so of course, there was a flag-raising, and I wish you could have seen our little citizens-to-be give the Salute! Only we could not see them very well. There seemed, indeed, to be something the matter with our eyes all that day. But



Rag-Pickers

you must manage to see clearly after the flag-raising and the singing of "My Country, 'tis of Thee." Like another company that Christ had blessed, our children "sat down in rows upon the green grass." It was a pretty sight in the late afternoon sunshine, and did not lack in color, for there were bowers of ferns and daisies and clover and "black-eyed Susans," which the children had gathered, and from which they could not be parted for a moment, and in each "brick" of ice-cream there stood erect and floated proudly the red, white and blue of the flag.

I think the children were perfectly happy then. But—*perfectly* happy? For one little girl, at least, there was a flaw in the perfect day. It was in New Jersey. And she first twitched one foot, and then the other, and suddenly said, in tones of distress, "Teacher, *teacher*; them Nanny-goats is *bitin'* me!!" We never quite understood it—the twitching we understood, and the tones—we live in New Jersey—but they are *not* so large that they need be called Nanny-goats! It rather hurt our feelings. But the day *was* perfect—all but this swarm (not *at all* a thick one) of Jersey—Nanny-goats!

The heart-breaking time was the leaving. I cannot forget one little girl, such a thin, pale little body, who gazed long at the sunny field where bright daisy-heads were bending and tossing in the rippling breezes; the merry little brook; the trees casting long shadows now from the westering sun; then, looking up at me, "Teacher, I *wisht* I could stay here," she said.



Italian Truck Gardens of Tennessee

But the trolleys were waiting at the nearest point, and all must go aboard; baskets of food "to take home," flowers, and the children, who, waving their flags—not the tiny ice-cream flags—these were pinned on their jackets—but big ones "to keep," and to help them to be Americans—waving these and singing, said good-bye to the Happy Day. We scarcely saw the waving, though, for the thought that clutched coldly at our hearts, that for these little children the happy day was over, and to-morrow morning early and in all the summer days to come, they must stifle out their lives at hard labor.

One thing you happy boys and girls can do—*must* do—you must help to stop the suffering and torture—for it *is* that, and you can help—of these little strangers within our gates.

And I can tell you that—unless they die first—these children of the Ghetto, if given half a chance, are going to make true and loyal Americans after a while.

How do I know? Well, you should just visit the night schools over in the Jewish quarter—*crowded* with those who have been working long hours in the sweat-shops, conquering the English language, with its baffling “th’s” and “w’s”; and ask some one to tell you whether there were any Jewish boys in our army in Cuba, and if so, what kind of soldiers they made; and they have and can read almost the best book on citizenship that was ever written. It is you boys and girls who have the very best! I wonder whether you have ever thought to look up its recipes for making good Americans?

There are many other “quarters” in New York. The Syrian quarter, for instance, down near the Battery; the Chinese—more often called Chinatown. You should see



Italo-Americans

this at night to get the full effect of the long rows of lanterns and signs; great stretches of blocks which make up the German-*half*, it would seem to be. There are Spanish, Persian—

But how can there be so many quarters? Don't four quarters make one whole? Why, yes; they should, but fractions do “act up” sometimes. I am sure you have often found it to be so. If you have “begun Cæsar” you will recall,

for instance, the case of "All Gaul." Does not Cæsar say it was "quartered into three halves"? which is harder to "reduce" than so many quarters.

Suppose we try this: If four quarters make one New York, then would not eleven (or so) quarters make a—Greater New York? This may not be correct. I have always heard, anyway, that "New York is an unsolved problem in immigration," so it is quite natural that this chapter should begin and end with struggles in arithmetic.



At Work in the Apple Dryer, Tontitown, Ark.—Italian Colony

CHAPTER V

THE "R. R.'S"



Lithuanian

WE saw them, you remember, at Ellis Island, when, having passed the doctor's examination and answered the inspector's twenty-two questions (there must be twenty-two; the game of Twenty Questions is not played at Ellis Island), and having shown their money, they are marked "R. R." and passed from the Registry Desk on to a point at the right, where suddenly they disappear!

They *seem* to drop through a hole in the floor, and that is the last we see of them—at that time. Fortunately we know what the letters stand for, though to those who wear them they must have been only one more puzzle in a long chain of incomprehensible things.

"What do they stand for?" Why—RAILROADS, of course, and by means of them we may catch a glimpse of many who so mysteriously vanished from our sight that day.

Well, first there is the New York, New Haven & Hartford, and its extensions. It takes us to mills and factories in New England where there are many immigrants who come by way of Ellis Island. There are more, perhaps, who are landed at Boston, but the largest number in these mills and factories are French Canadians, who, in general, enter our country by one or other of the land gates.

But the N. Y., N. H. & H. carries us also to many an "abandoned farm;" stony and barren, some of them are, with soil all used up and worn out; but men who in Sicily have terraced mountains to make little garden patches, and who are so skillful in irrigation as to almost make water run uphill, are not to be disheartened or discouraged by a few stones or other obstacles in the way of success; and it is quite likely if you were to go to live in Hartford or New Haven you would find your best milk and finest cheese and most luscious fruits and vegetables came from the dairy and "truck" farms of Italians, who, with their children, are fast becoming Americans.

There are Jewish farmers, too, in New England. Would there were more! It will be a happy day for the children when farms take the place of the sweat-shops.

It is likely that some of the R. R.'s took the New York Central to Canastota, New York, to join friends and relatives already there. Here are truck farms, and houses and barns, and here are Italian boys and girls who are becoming such good Americans that even now you can hardly tell that they are Italians.

Visit the schools if you have any doubt about it! It is possible you may hear of these scholars some day, for they are ambitious *and mean that you shall*.

Many a Russian Jew marked R. R. went down that hole in the floor, too! And some of them, by way of the West Jersey, turned up later away down at the point between Delaware Bay and the Ocean, where are Jewish colonies at Woodbine and other places. These colonies had hard times at first, but are prosperous now. If you want to know what strawberries and peaches *really are*, you might try some from these farms and orchards.

This is the place to which the children of the Ghetto should go. The free air makes Americans of them in a jiffy!

But some R. R.'s were fair with rosy cheeks and blue eyes. If we take any of the roads which lead to Minnesota or Wisconsin, I am sure we shall meet some of them, for years ago their countrymen went to this region to open it up and settle it, so that now whole cities and the great farming country are almost entirely Scandinavian—that is, the people came from Norway or Sweden or Denmark.



A Wisconsin Citizen

Scandinavians make good Americans—*very*—and those whom we saw at Ellis Island are probably on their way to join their countrymen in the Northwest, and there swell the ranks of good citizens of Uncle Sam.

These R. R.'s will take us all over the United States

if we attempt to follow wherever they go. I am sure some Italian R. R.'s went to California, for California is more like Italy than any other part of this country, and there are now, in various parts of it, about forty-six thousand Italians, who own nearly three thousand farms, vineyards and orchards. There are some things you should notice about the Italian immigrants. They pay as they go, as a general thing, and are almost never paupers. And in California at least, where are all those acres of beautiful vineyards, intoxication among them is almost unknown.



Italian-Swiss Colony at Asti, Cal.

We find Italians also in Arkansas and Texas and Louisiana, cultivating cotton and sugar; in North Carolina and Tennessee, where their "truck" farms are becoming famous. In Florida, too, and Mississippi, are colonies. All roads going South took some, perhaps, though generally immigrants bound for the South enter the gates of Baltimore or Charleston.

Besides all the R. R.'s who dropped out of sight that day, you will remember the crowds in the waiting-room. The Lackawanna will help us to find many of them, who were bound for the coal fields of Pennsylvania. We have a special interest in some of the mining towns, and may come back here later.

But do you know what I have been thinking all this time that we have been flying over the railroads? Why, of the roads themselves! Who made them? "The railroad was the magic key that unlocked America." *Who made it?*

Away up in North Dakota, almost at the end of civilization, a railroad is just now being built, at the rate of two miles a day, too—so as to catch the wheat harvest,

which will be ready presently. Let us watch, for a moment, the hundreds of laborers—immigrants—who are fairly flinging the tracks across the prairie. How strong they are and how willing to work hard. And do notice the Contractor—an immigrant, too, from the North of Ireland, who has built thousands of miles of railroad, not only over prairies like this, but also in the heart of the Cascades and the Rockies, where a mountain sheep could scarcely have found a footing.

With system and energy, he orders the work—but who *does it*? Not Americans—no, immigrants, and it has been by immigrants, hundreds of thousands of them, from Ireland, Italy, Bohemia, Hungary, that almost all our great roads have been made.

“R. R.’s” indeed; they deserve the name; and while we are trying to make Americans of them, have they not been making America?



The Flag Salute

CHAPTER VI

MAKERS OF AMERICANS



Swiss

If you do not want to wait, but wish to see, at this moment, the foreigner of to-day becoming the American of to-morrow, just take a look with me into the kindergartens (strangely enough, this name itself is a foreigner, which has *never* become American), which we may find now in city and country; some of them a part of the system of public schools, some of them carried on in connection with Settlements, others under the care of churches or missionary societies.

Where shall we go first? Why, naturally, to those places where the children most abound, although when we speak of kindergartens the first one that comes to mind is at "Slatington, Pa., U. S. A.," where Francesca and Angelica and the boys must be able, by this time, to greet us in English! But we cannot leave New York just yet, for there, in kindergartens, we shall find thousands and thousands of little foreigners; in some of them thirty or forty different "kinds." Indeed, there is at least one kindergarten where, in the block in which it is situated, more than sixty languages are spoken—*outside*, but not in the kindergarten. No; *there* they speak *English*, and they learn it in the shortest time! And when you see these little people from Italy and Russia and Syria, Greece, Austria, Hungary—each morning giving the salute to the flag, and marching to patriotic songs, you do not doubt that they will be Americans to-morrow!

And it is a happy thing they are in the kindergarten, for they would also learn quickly if they were growing up in the streets—but their first steps could scarcely, in that case, lead to good citizenship.

The kindergarten starts them in the very path that leads to it—in happy play, happy, honest work, and happy obedience to the Golden Rule.

After the kindergarten comes the real school. You all

know what that means, only you must add to your work, as it is, the thought of doing it all in a foreign language.

So the children who come to America little enough to go to the kindergarten are the fortunate ones, for when they enter the primary school, they can already *think* in English!

Just try to realize how full these schools must be. We are thinking now of those in the lower East Side of New York, which is so crowded that if all parts of Greater New York were as full there would be in it *as many people as in all the United States*, and of course you know how many that would be. No wonder there is not room in the schools for all the children. You remember that there were fifty thousand more last year than the year before, and the wise people now say that there will be more immigrants coming from Europe this year than ever before. How *can* all these boys and girls and little tots go to school? Already there are in many of the schools morning, afternoon and night sessions,



Vacation Kindergarten

thus making one building answer for three sets of pupils. There have also been added airy and sunbiny school-rooms. Where? On the roofs of the buildings!

What more can they do to make Americans of the foreigners? For the public school is the real maker of Americans.

They *are* doing more, though; for in New York and in other cities school "keeps" all "vacation," and if you have thought much about these boys and girls in New York and Boston,

Chicago, Philadelphia, and other large cities, you will be glad to know of these vacation schools, for think how dreadful the summer days and evenings, too, would be in these crowded places were it not for parks and playgrounds; the recreation piers, fresh-air excursions, and the vacation schools, which are often roof-schools as well. If you know anything about it you will know that the roof of a "skyscraper," shaded with awnings, under which the fresh and sunshiny breezes blow over sweet-smelling roof gardens is not at all bad for a school-room. And one can "look off," ah, how far! over green islands and sparkling blue water, rippling up into whitecaps; or down through the Narrows, far, far away, where, against the horizon, are glistening in the sun,



Vacation Carpentering

white and gray—big birds, are they? or sailing ships?

They do not teach from books in these summer schools! Perhaps one reason is the discovery that many a girl, though "not long in the country" can tell "considerable" about the Andes, or the Amazon, but has not the least idea where knives and forks should be placed on the table! So in the vacation schools they teach the things which will prepare these newcomers for real American living. Housekeeping, cooking, physical culture, carpentering, basket-weaving, gardening, nature work, dressmaking, millinery—but the *books* wait until September.

Perhaps of all the schools for foreigners the most interesting are the evening classes. Those who attend them have usually been working hard all day, but this you would hardly think, so eager are they in making use of these classes in art or design or music. We notice the number of Russian Jews and of Italians, and wonder whether there may not be some day famous painters and sculptors and musicians, who drew their first inspiration from these night schools.

There are evening playgrounds, too. Blessings on the man—or more likely the woman—who first had the happy

thought of roofing over the long piers, and making gardens of house-tops! These house-tops are not too easily reached—six flights of stairs to climb sometimes—yet you should see the tiny tots and the babies who must have been carried up. These roof gardens are open until ten o'clock. There is singing just before closing time, in which often two thousand voices join; but—after that, two thousand people must leave the pleasant sights and sounds and the fresh breezes, for the stifling, unspeakable tenements.

And there are still thousands and thousands down in the streets. Think, for instance, of the newsboys and the bootblacks! They have a hard fight to become anything! The Boys Clubs help most to make Americans of them. There are many of them, with the membership mounting up into the thousands, and they are the saving and the making of many a boy. Mr. Jacob Riis says one

Boys' Club is worth a thousand policemen's clubs, and, for the street boy, it must be one or the other.



Vacation Kindergarten

But there are the country kindergartens and the country schools—where Americans may not be made quite so rapidly—perhaps not until the day after to-morrow! but they may possibly make a better kind of citizen. It is good for the young lungs to expand in the bracing air; it is good for young eyes to roam over wide-reaching field and forest, and you may here see fewer spectacles than in the city; it is good, above all, for the young legs to run as they will; so the small foreigners grow up in these country settlements—a free sky above them; homes—not tenements—to live in; the duties of citizenship made clear to them day by day, their love of country growing as they grow. Surely they will make Americans, and Americans *worth while!*

CHAPTER VII

"CHILDREN OF TO-DAY, THE NATION OF TO-MORROW"



Russian

DO you remember the finding of an old Book by a certain student of Germany, once upon a time? That "Student's Movement" surely amounted to something! Well, upon that Book the foundations of our Republic were laid, and upon it they stand, and so it comes about that on this Sunday morning, if people are obeying the law of the land and of the Book, we shall find thousands and thousands of these foreign-born boys and girls, not at work nor at school, but absolutely free to learn on this day how to become the very best kind of Americans.

Just think over the best Americans you know, or know about. You are studying "United States History," of course. Now—*think!* You want *great* Americans, you know. Begin with Washington, and think down—or *up!*—to this very Sunday. You may have five minutes. So write down the list. *Ready?* Now, check off those who believed the Bible and tried to live up to its teachings. Great Americans, I said; that means men, and it means women, too. *Everyone is checked.* I thought so! and on this Sunday and all Sundays, and through the week beside, it is this kind of American that we want to make of all the children whom we saw coming in at Ellis Island, and of all who have come since; for—think a moment—*every day* since we were there, the children have been streaming in—*under the Flag.* They will all be twenty-one years old some day! And so will you.

Foreign-born, and native-born, you will all be citizens, and will all vote together—certainly all you boys will, and perhaps—things *do* change, sometimes, in a dozen years or so—so perhaps the girls—well, at least, it may be well to be ready! If all the—thousands? No; it will be *millions and millions*—if all of you have found that

it is righteousness that exalts a nation, and that sin is a shame to any people, and if you say so by your vote and influence, then the Stars and Stripes will wave over a glorious and happy America!

So on Sundays and on other days, Christian people are trying to help the foreign boys and girls to become that kind of Americans. They do this by church services and Sunday schools, in kindergartens and day schools, by music classes and reading rooms; by colporteurs to give the Book, which may be as new to them as it was to Martin Luther; by kindness at all times; by nursing the sick; in showing them how to make comfortable and happy homes; by evening classes for those who work through the day; by play-grounds and the gymnasium; by bright lectures, and nature study and work, in showing, by example, the working of the Golden Rule; in all these and in many other ways they are making of our foreigners strong, healthy, happy Christian citizens for America.

Don't you want to help? Not so hard a thing to do as perhaps you think, and it would be if you had to do it alone; but, you see, there are "lots" of big, strong people ready to help you. Did you ever hear of a Home Mission Board? *Why, what a question!* Of course you have heard of Home Mission Boards and of course you are not a bit like that boy who thought Mission Boards were simply the planks that "Mission" furniture is made of!

So far from that, I am sure you have often sent money to help carry on the work of *your* special Board of Home Missions; but perhaps you have never happened to think



Cooking School

what a great work it is doing for our country and for the foreigners, in helping them to build churches, in training ministers to carry them the Gospel, and in forming and supporting Sunday schools. One Home Mission Board—

perhaps it is yours—has churches for almost every sort of immigrant we saw at Ellis Island, with preaching in twenty-two different languages, and if you really want to share with the little foreigners the best thing you have, and to help them to climb up the path to citizenship, I can show you one way to do it. Ask someone to tell you, or better, find out for yourself all about the work the Home Mission Boards are doing for these little people—the work they are doing now, I mean. †

Yes, but besides all this work to be kept up, there will be, this year, well—perhaps *one hundred thousand* more



Open Air Service

boys and girls to be placed in Sunday schools! Think a little about this, and you will very soon find something you can do. Surely the Boards will need your help and you will need theirs to get all these children in, and just as surely, you will find "being partners in the concern" a very happy thing.

For the sake of the little strangers, and for the sake of Him who was once a stranger—just try it and see!

But let us spend a week now with our little Hungarian friends! For we find them at last, happy in their "five-roomed house." Not happy though on the dreadful

day of the accident in the mine, where their father worked. After long hours he was rescued, but the fathers of other little boys and girls were killed. Such days come often in the mining regions.

Let us watch Angelica in the kindergarten—"No more a stranger or a guest, but like a child at home." When



Kindergarten on Recreation Pier

she came she did not understand one word of English, but in six weeks she could speak it. Fancy her delight in the singing, the marching, the games and the "work." *This is Monday in the kindergarten—not a "blue" Monday either, though it is "wash day."*

These children will certainly make notable housekeepers some day! And Tuesday they iron; Wednesday they cook; Thursday, ah, *Thursdays* they "garden;" Friday they sweep, and Saturday is baking-day.

Sunday? On Sunday, we must say good-bye to little Angelica; but first she will say, for us, in her sweet, blithe voice, and with a soft blurring of the hard English letters, her "golden text." This is it:

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

And thus far, to little Angelica, America is a rosy-golden country.

They are coming still, these little children, and like Angelica, happy, gleeful, triumphantly glad to reach "America." *Don't let them be disappointed.* The Flag promises a happy home, happy childhood, happy schools, happy work, after a while. Then—citizenship!

There are many who are trying to prevent the Flag from keeping its promises; but you boys and girls—Americans *born*, stand by the Flag, and help the little foreigners to love it for what it does for them, and to stand by it, as you do, for so will our foreigners to-day be Americans to-morrow!

SUGGESTED PROGRAM. CHAPTER I.

PRAISE IN MANY TONGUES.

Singing: *The Italian Hymn*—"Come, Thou Almighty King."

Bible Reading: The Law of Freedom. (Foundation text: If the Truth shall make you free, you shall be free indeed.)

Singing: *The Portuguese Hymn*—"How Firm a Foundation."

Singing: *The Spanish Hymn*—"Blessed are the Sons of God."

SOME BOYS WE KNOW:

1. The Carol-Singer of Eisenach.¹ (A miner's son.) Three-minute paper, followed by

Singing: *Luther's Hymn*—"A Mighty Fortress is our God."

2. The Little Musician of Saltzburg.^{2,4} Three-minute illustrated talk, followed by:

Singing: *Mozart*—"Christ the Lord is Risen To-day."

3. A Boy Who Could Sing.^{2,4} Three-minute story, followed by:

Singing: *The Austrian Hymn*—"Hark! What Mean those Holy Voices."

4. A Farewell to Sicily,³ followed by:

Singing: *The Sicilian Vesper Hymn*—"Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah!" Offering and Prayer.

Singing: *The Russian Hymn*—"O God All Terrible, Thou Who Ordainest."



First Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia

QUESTIONS. CHAPTER I.

1. Why do the people of Russia come to America?
2. Why do Italians and Germans come?
3. What reasons are there for the differences between South-eastern and Northwestern Europe?
4. How has knowledge of the United States spread through Europe?
5. Name six ports from which emigrants may embark for America.
6. How do emigrants usually get their passage money?

¹ See "Schönberg-Cotta Family," Part I, Else's Story.

² See The Tone Masters. By Chas. Ballard.

³ See "Imported Americans," By B. Brandenburg.

⁴ See Perry Pictures "Distinguished People" Series.

SUGGESTED PROGRAM. CHAPTER II.

Singing: "Hail, Stars and Stripes."¹

Bible Study: The Law of the Stranger. Based upon Deut. 10:17-19; 24:14-22.

Prayer.

Singing: "O Blessed Saviour, Lord of Love."² (Babcock.)

Subject: CHRISTMAS DAY. 1. How it is kept.

a. In Denmark. Two-minute paper.

b. In Germany. Three-minute talk. (Illustrated.)

Singing: (A German Christmas Carol.)

c. In Russia. Three-minute illustrated description.

d. In Italy and France. Three-minute paper.

Singing: "Holy Night."

2. Christmas for the Strangers.

3. Practical Plans for Next Christmas.

Singing: (Some favorite Christmas Carol.)



In the Mining Regions

QUESTIONS. CHAPTER II.

1. Why do the doctors at Ellis Island mark people T or F or some other letter?
2. What does T stand for?
3. What does S. I. mean?
4. What kind of immigrants are "deported?"
5. How many missionaries are there at Ellis Island?
6. In how many languages is the Bible printed for giving out at Ellis Island?

¹ From Hymns for Home Mission Meetings. The American Baptist Home Missionary Society.

² From the *School Hymnal*. Westminster Press, Philadelphia.

SUGGESTED PROGRAM. CHAPTER III.

Singing: "Lord, While for All Mankind We Pray."

Bible Reading: The Law of the Sabbath. (Foundation texts:
Ex. 20:10; Lev. 18:26; Isa. 58:13, 14.)

Prayer.

Singing: "America for Christ."¹

Subject: DANGERS FROM IMMIGRATION.

1. *The Loss of the Sabbath*; What it would mean for America. (Presented by five members, in one-minute papers.)
2. *Disregard for the Bible*. Is the Bible taught in Public Schools? (Answers from all members.)
3. How may Boys and Girls help to save the country from these dangers? (Discussion.)

Prayer and Offering.

Singing: "America."



In Six Weeks They Can Speak English

QUESTIONS. CHAPTER III.

1. How many "Gates" to America?
2. About how many immigrants come through Ellis Island Gate in a year?
3. Name nine steps that led to the coming of immigrants to America.
4. Why have gates been placed on the Canadian and Mexican borders?
5. What kind of people are not allowed to come into America?
6. How do the immigrant officers prevent their landing?

¹ From "Hymns for Home Mission Meetings."

SUGGESTED PROGRAM. CHAPTER IV.

Singing: "We Bring no Glistening Treasures." German melody.
Bible Reading: The Law of the Children. (Foundation text:
Suffer the little children to come unto Me.)
Prayer.
Singing: "I Think When I Read that Sweet Story of Old."



The Shoemaker Song

Subject: CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

1. *New Testament Children*, as illustrated by Plockhorst.¹
2. *More of Our Debt to Germany*. Hoffman's pictures.¹
3. Christmas Day.¹ Illustrated by German artists.

Singing: "The Little Lord Jesus."

QUESTIONS. CHAPTER IV.

1. How many immigrants enter New York every winter?
2. After landing, to what parts of the city do the various nationalities go?
3. Why do so many stay in New York? And in other large cities?
4. What is one of the worst things about the Jewish Ghetto?
5. What is one of the best things?
6. How many "quarters" can you count in New York?

¹ The Perry Pictures—Section: "German Art."

SUGGESTED PROGRAM. CHAPTER V.

Singing: (Select, if possible, Italian composers.)

Bible Reading: The Law of Life. Psalm 15; Romans 12:1-21

Prayer.

Singing: The Italian Hymn.

OUR DEBT TO ITALY; through:

1. Fra Angelico. Three-minute talk, with illustrations.¹

2. Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. Three-minute paper, illustrated.¹

3. Raphael Santi. Rapid sketch, illustrated very fully.¹

Singing: Select hymn suggested by some picture shown. As
Italians have been, so they may be.



Thursday They Garden

QUESTIONS. CHAPTER V.

1. Who fill the factories and mills in New England?
2. Where in New England do we find Italians and Jews?
3. Mention a fine Italian Colony in New York State.
4. What immigrants helped to open up our Northwest country?
5. How many Italians are there in California?
6. What great thing has been largely brought about by those immigrants labeled R. R.?

¹ Procure "Perry" or other pictures, under Section *Italian Art*. For sake of a clear impression, only three artists are named. An enthusiastic leader will, however, have enthusiastic followers, and it will not be difficult to make a full collection of those pictures by Italian artists which have most influenced religious thought.

SUGGESTED PROGRAM CHAPTER VI.

Singing: "America for Christ."¹

Bible Reading: The Law of a Just Balance (Foundation text,
Prov. II:1.)

Prayer.

Singing: "Our Native Land."

Subject: ONE FOREIGN-BORN AMERICAN.

1. *Sketch of Jacob A. Riis*, with portrait.
2. *Life in the Tenements*. Story selected from "The Battle with the Slums." (Illustrations may be found in magazines.)
3. *Some Achievements*.
 - a. The Flower Mission. Illustrated story.
 - b. Parks and Playgrounds. Paper.
 - c. The Jacob A. Riis House. Description.

Singing: O Blessed Saviour, Lord of Love.



Evening Art Class

QUESTIONS. CHAPTER VI.

1. Why is the kindergarten the first step toward citizenship?
2. Where is New York most crowded?
3. How many "Makers of Americans" are named in this chapter?
4. Name six helps to good citizenship mentioned.
5. In what ways are these foreign-born children better off in the country than in the city?
6. In what ways can you help these citizens-to-be?

¹ See "Hymns for Home Missions Meetings."

SUGGESTED PROGRAM. CHAPTER VII

Singing: "America for Christ."

Bible Study: The Law of the Patriot. (Foundation Texts. Deut. 4:5-9; Lev. 24:22.)

Prayer.

Singing: "O, the Blessed Word of God."¹

Subject: HELPS TO GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

1. Boys' Clubs.
 - a. St. Mark's Club. Story. (Note present membership.)
 - b. Group Clubs. Description of organization.
2. Boys' Department, Y. M. C. A.
 - a. Does it help foreign-born boys?
 - b. Does it help street boys?
3. Neighborhood Settlements.

Description of classes and work.
4. Bible Classes for Boys and Girls.
 - a. In Summer Camps.
 - b. In Cities.
5. The Sunday School for Italians.
 - a. New York.
 - b. Philadelphia.



Little Housekeepers

Singing: "America."

QUESTIONS. CHAPTER VII.

1. What has been one great difference between this country and the countries of Europe?
2. What has helped to make our truly "great" Americans?
3. In a few years you boys and girls—native-born and foreign-born—will be making America—what kind of nation do you mean to make it?
4. How are Christian citizens for America being made?
5. In what ways can you show your love of country?
6. What is the best rule for making citizens?

¹ From "Tried and True." U. B. Publishing Co., Dayton, Ohio.

HELPS FOR LEADERS

BOOKS FOR GENERAL STUDY

- Aliens or Americans?* Howard B. Grose. The text-book for Home Mission Study. 1906-07.
- Immigration.* Prescott F. Hall.
- Imported Americans.* B. Brandenburg.
- On the Trail of the Immigrant.* Edward A. Steiner (Revell).
- The Making of an American.* Jacob A. Riis.
- The Italian in America.* Pub., Benj. F. Buck, New York.
- The Russian Jew in the United States.* Pub., Benj. F. Buck, New York.
- Undistinguished Americans.* Hamilton Holt.



Sewing School

TOPICS FOR FURTHER STUDY

1. "Where Our Immigrants Settle." See "Aliens or Americans," also "Our People of Foreign Speech," page 105, and following charts.
2. Scandinavians—What Our Country Owes to Them.
3. Germans—Their Share in Developing America.
4. The Old Testament Festivals—As Seen in the Jewish Ghettos.
5. Debate—Resolved, That Immigration Should be Restricted.
6. Italians as Artists and Professional Men.
7. Who are the Slavs? Subject entrusted to five members.
8. Immigration—Studied from the Daily Papers—Items for One Month Reviewed and Illustrated.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE CONGREGATIONAL HOME
MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

87 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

- Ellis Island Views. *The Home Missionary*. Dec., 1905.
Why Despise the Immigrant? *The Home Missionary*. Dec., 1905.
The Tragedy of the Excluded. *The Home Missionary*. April, 1905.
The Child Immigrant. *The Home Missionary*. March, 1906.
Italian Connecticut; Heroines of Slavic Work; Christianize Amer-
ica! We Can. We Should; The Debt Young People Owe
Their Country; each 3c.; Far-Reaching Effects, 2c.; Our
Duty to the Stranger; Jesus' Work for His Own Country;
Foreign Missions at Home (Programs), 15c. per doz.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE BAPTIST HOME MISSION
SOCIETY,

312 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

- The Slav Invasion. Rev. H. B. Grose. 5c.
Our Italian Field. E. E. Chivers, D.D. 5c.
The Italians in America. Rev. H. B. Grose. 5c.
America's Newcomers. Rev. H. B. Grose. 5c.
The Foreigner in America. Samuel McBride, D.D. 2c.
The Chinese in America. Rev. H. B. Grose. 5c.
The French Canadians. H. L. Morehouse, D.D. 3c.
The Great Migration. H. L. Morehouse, D.D. 2c.
Two Instances of Heroic Giving. E. P. Farnham, D.D. 2c.
An Italian's Confession of Faith. H. M. King, D.D. 2c.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF
HOME MISSIONS,

156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

- Our People of Foreign Speech. Paper, 20c. per copy. Cloth,
50c. per copy.
Souvenir Post Cards. 15c. per set of 8.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY
OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

150 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

- The New World's Welcome. Price, 10c.

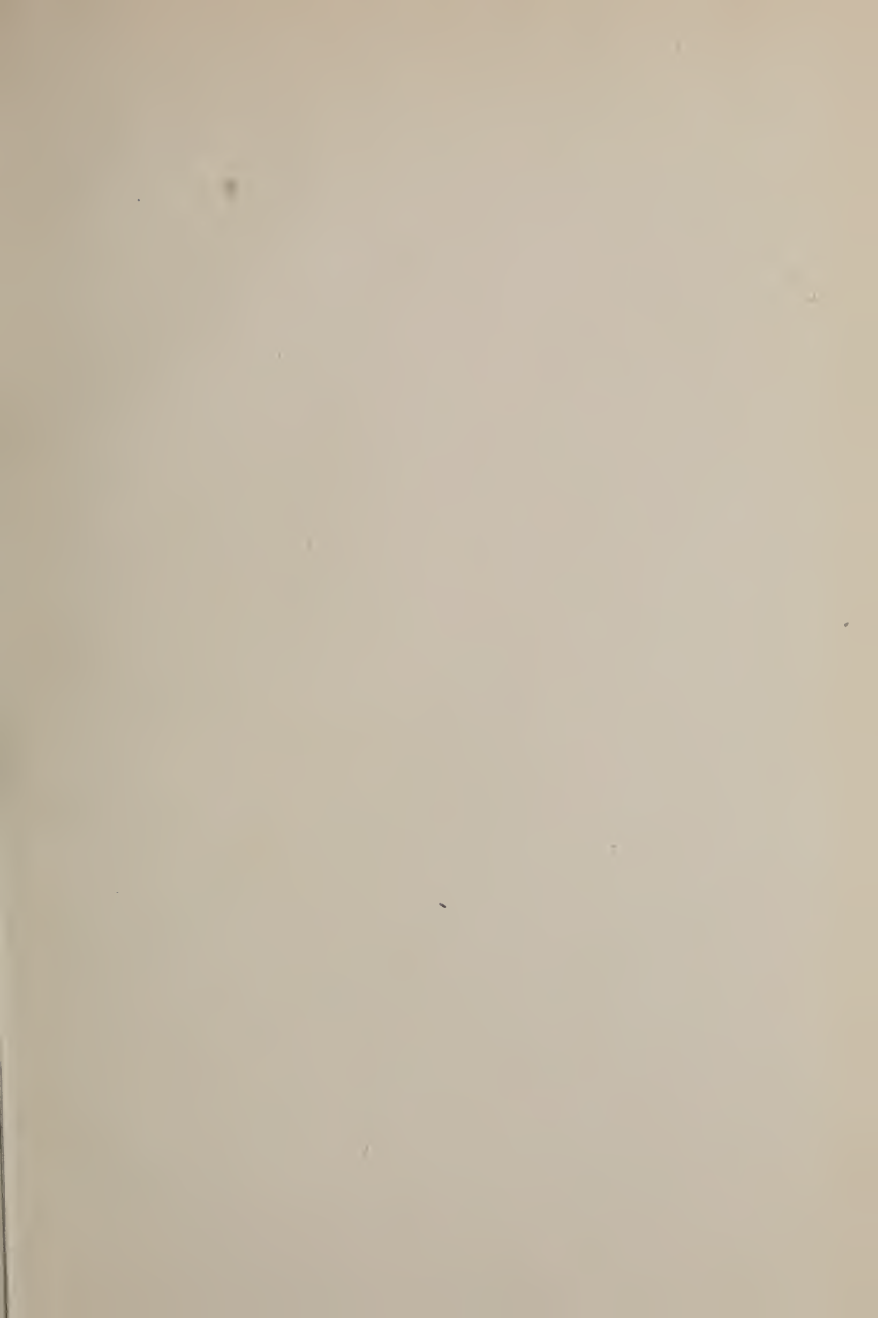
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EAST ORANGE, N. J., May 1st, 1906.

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